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BROKE UP HIS LOVE MAKING

How the "Candy Butcher" in the Theater Interrupted the Young Man's Proposal.

In impassioned tones the stage hero had declared his love. The heroine burst into tears. "O, Waldemar!" she wailed; "I cannot be! There is an impassable barrier between us!"

Then the curtain fell. In the third row sat a young man with blonde hair. He turned impulsively to the sparkling brunette by his side.

"Myrtle," he whispered, "if I should—"

"If you should—"

"If I should utter the words to you—"

"Well?"

"That the stage lover has just spoken—"

"Well?"

"What would your answer be, Myrtle?"

"Cyril, my answer would be—"

"Allegro's candies, chawkluts, 'n' bonbons!" vociferated the boy in the aisle; "Angelo marshmallows! Candies! All kinds! Ten 'n' twenty-five a box! Chawkluts 'n' bonbons! Marshmallows!"

Then the orchestra struck up a ragtime selection and all was silence in the third row.

SHE KNEW



Young Wife—Mamma, what can I do to keep roaches out of the lard? Her Mother—Place the butter near it. They prefer it.

DIDN'T RANK HIGH.

The Baroness Orzy tells an amusing story. On visiting the theater one day in connection with the rehearsals of her first play, "The Scarlet Pimpernel," she found a new call boy there, who had not quite succeeded in identifying the different personages.

Going up to the baroness he said to her:

"Excuse me, miss, but are you one of the company?"

"No," she replied, with a smile—"not exactly; I am only the author-ess."

"Oh, is that all?" remarked the boy, as he turned away in obvious contempt.

BIRD'S PECULIAR DIET.

Ostriches are credited with a peculiar appetite for glass and ladies' hatpins, but a woodcock just sold in a Paris shop has run them closely. The customer, who bought three birds, asked to have them opened, and to the surprise of the shop assistant, one of them had four cartridges in its stomach. The bird was carried to the police station, together with the cartridges, and the authorities are wondering whether they are faced by a new phenomenon that might interest naturalists or whether it is merely a packer's practical joke.

WOULDN'T THAT ANGER A MAN?

Mr. Growler—What is this \$2.98 on this bill?

Mrs. Growler—That's what I paid for a cape for little Fidopet.

Mr. Growler—Woman, that dog has fur an inch thick.

Mrs. Growler—Yes, dear; but you know it will have to be cut off so he can wear the cape.

NOT SUFFICIENTLY EXCLUSIVE.

"Judge, we wish to protest against these \$5 fines."

"I consider that very reasonable for reckless motoring."

"It's too reasonable. At that rate anybody can afford to exceed the speed limit."

Just Half In Bed.

Clyde, Ky.—Mrs. I. A. Decker, writes from Clyde: "I recommend Cardui, the woman's tonic, to any woman in need of a remedy. For five years, I was unable to do my own work. Half my time was spent in bed. At last I tried Cardui. Now I am well and happy. I can do my own work. Don't suffer pain, headache, backache, and other womanly miseries, when your own druggist has on his shelf a remedy for such troubles—Cardui. Get a bottle for your shelf. As a general tonic, for weak women, nothing has been found for 50 years that would take its place. Try it. It will help you."

SNAKES FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

Gibboias Are Welcomed by Brazilian Families, for They Are Rat Catchers.

In certain parts of Brazil, where the climate is intensely hot, and where rats are a great nuisance, the common cat does not thrive, but is replaced by a domestic rat catcher whose presence causes a decidedly unpleasant sensation to visitors from the north, when first they come in contact with this creature.

Gibboias are a species of small boa-constrictor employed very generally in Brazil for the purpose above mentioned. They are not at all venomous.

They sleep in the house, generally taking up their position at the foot of the stairs. When nightfall approaches they begin to wake up, and during the night they glide swiftly about the premises, looking for rats.

Gibboias are offered for sale in the markets of Bahia and Pernambuco for prices ranging from \$1 to \$5, according to the size of the creature. It is said that they are so easily domesticated that, if removed from one house to another they invariably return to the house whence they have been taken. Often when one is bargaining with a broker for the sale or lease of a residence in certain parts of Brazil the broker will expatiate with great eloquence upon the virtues and skill of the gibboa that goes with it.

HER LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL

Woman Wanted Handsome Cat's Fur for Muff, and Man Fled to Save His Soul.

A man and a woman once went into a room where a handsome black cat lay sleeping before the fire.

The woman was fair of face and richly dressed, and her large hat, which was in the height of the fashion, was covered with the distorted bodies and tail feathers of birds which had once been beautiful.

The man admired the woman and thought she was the gentlest and fairest thing he had ever met.

As soon as the woman saw the handsome cat she went up to it, calling it "Poor pussy!" and fondled it.

"How kind she is to everything," the man thought, "and how fond of animals!"

"Dear pussy," said the woman, stroking the cat not over gently, "I would like your skin for a muff."

The cat swore at her after its kind, for she had rubbed it up the wrong way and disturbed its sleep. And after a struggle it ran away.

"What more does she want?" the man said to himself. "She has her hat full of birds, and the skins of beasts round her shoulders, now she wants the cat's skin to cover her hands; next she will want my soul."

And he, too, fled before it was too late.—F. G. Brunton, in the World.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA NOTICE.

All persons holding claims against the estate of J. H. Bradshaw, dec'd, will file them with me or my attorney, Frank Rives, properly proven according to law, on or before Aug. 1st, 1911, and all parties indebted to said J. H. Bradshaw will please come forward and settle with me.

R. H. RIVES, Executor of J. H. Bradshaw, dec'd, Hopkinsville, Ky. R. F. D. No. 1.

Might Live Forever. Taking Up Henry Ward, Beecher's declaration that "Yellow fever is God Almighty's opinion of dirt," a writer says nobody would die if he could keep perfectly clean.

For any pain, from top to toe, from any cause, apply Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Pain can't stay where it is used.

ALL LIFE BUT ONE CREATURE

Component Parts Are Merely Individual Cells, According to Argument of Samuel Butler.

Samuel Butler argues that, as automatic expertness in piano playing proves previous practice, so also does the immediate expertness in pecking of a newly hatched chick. To the question of personal identity; and again. This brings up the whole question of personal identity; and Butler deals with it. We say that an octogenarian is the same "person" as he was when an infant; yet there is no identity of matter. Nor does personality depend upon any consciousness or sense of such personality; it is not likely that the moth remembers having been a caterpillar, any more than we remember having been children of a day old. And if the octogenarian is the infant of eighty years ago he is also the fetus of a few months before, and—chasing him still further back—he is identical with his parents. This "involves the probable unity of all animal and vegetable life, as being, in reality, nothing but one single creature, of which the component members are but, as it were, blood corpuscles or individual cells," which would fit in rather well with the similar argumentation of Fechner.

DIDN'T WANT GREEN HORSES

Irishman, Seeking Mounts for St. Patrick's Day Parade, Wanted Them All Gray.

A florid-looking Irishman drifted into the office of a big firm of horse dealers. He came from a benevolent association that is famous as one of the biggest aggregations of Irishmen outside of the Emerald Isle. He asked for Mr. Kearney, of the firm. "O! want twenty gray horses for the parade St. Patrick's day," he announced after exhibiting his credentials.

"Twenty gray horses!" exclaimed Mr. Kearney, "that's quite an order. I don't believe we have twenty gray horses in the stables. We could give you about a dozen grays."

The Irishman shook his head; there were twenty officials of the order that had to be mounted. Then suddenly it occurred to Mr. Kearney that a carload of horses was on its way from the west; even then the bill of lading was on his desk, and the consignment could not be far from Jersey City.

"Hold on," said he, "I guess I can fix you up. I'm expecting a carload of green horses, and—"

"Green!" gasped the Irishman, as he jumped to his feet; "green horses! Th' devil roast 'em!" But he laughed just as heartily as did Mr. Kearney when it was explained to him that green was not actually the color of the horses.

RESOURCEFUL COUNT D'ORSAY.

D'Orsay was once dining at the Old Ship hotel at Greenwich when someone called his attention to an inscription made with a diamond upon the central pane of the bay window overlooking the Thames, in which his name was improperly connected with that of a celebrated German dancer. D'Orsay took an orange from a dish, coolly remarking upon the good quality of the fruit and tossed it up in the air several times, then as though by accident he gave it a wider cant and sent it through the offending pane, knocking the glass into the Thames.—Jerrold: "Beaux and Dandies."

MAKING LIGHT OF HER YEARS.

Marie Dressler was inviting her friends to a birthday party.

"There'll be a birthday cake, I suppose," some one remarked.

"Yes, there'll be a cake, never fear," was the reply.

"And candles, of course?" went on the alleged wit.

"My friend," said Miss Dressler, "this is to be a birthday party; not a torchlight procession."

PITY.

Dolly—Handsome Mr. Rogers danced with me three times!

Molly—Well, it's a charity ball, you know.—Smart Set.

HENRY J. STITES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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